

Good Morning 325

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Meet Jacqueline, C.P.O. John Denholm

WE hope this picture will be a happy surprise for you, Chief Petty Officer John Denholm.

It was taken in the garden of your home at 23 Privett Road, Purbrook.

Two of the group we are sure you will quickly recognise—your wife, Muriel, and Tony, now a bonny little man of 2½ years. But what about the third addition to the party, John?

What do you think of your new baby—pretty little three-months-old Jacqueline?

Isn't she a darling? Note that inquisitive look at big brother Tony, who is proud as Punch of her—and, of course, of his new motor-truck.

The truck was a present from his grandma and granddad at Christmas, and already Tony has become quite an expert driver! He spends quite a lot of his time steering the motor round the garden.

That is, of course, when he is not trying to nurse Jacqueline. "He just loves baby," your wife told us, "and he can't make enough of her. He

(She's certainly a beauty)

is always trying to pick her up."

Jacqueline is a happy, contented little soul, and no trouble at all at nights. She spends most of the day in her pram in the garden, and is growing strong and fast.

Congratulations on being the father of two such bonny youngsters!

All at 23 Privett Road are well and send you their best love. Your wife is writing to you every week, and hopes her letters are arriving safely.

In her spare time, now that the good weather is here, she is giving her father an occasional hand in the garden. Everybody is getting that "Dig for Victory" feeling at home.

And Jacqueline sends you her very best kisses! Good Hunting, John!

What do you know?

Asks Peter Davis

GREEN apples won't give you a pain. If you stand under a tree in a thunderstorm, chances of being struck by lightning are in your favour.

Scientists have been looking into some popular fallacies, and the results are surprising.

They frightened ostriches—and found they didn't put their heads in the sand.

Shaving doesn't make hair grow faster. Experts have measured under a microscope the length of hair that grows day by day, between shaves, and have compared this rate with the daily growth when people don't shave. The average is the same!

Is night air bad for you and sea air good? Be careful how you answer. Night air is only dangerous in malarial districts where mosquitoes may enter an open window and infect a sleeper.

Seaside air does contain more ozone, but this particu-



These young ostriches are not "sand-minded."

lar difference is so slight as to be of virtually no value to the health.

Maybe you imagine that powdered glass is a dangerous poison. Actually, it is not so bad as some sensational story-writers would have you believe.

The great powdered-glass delusion goes back to the days when arsenic, which really is a deadly poison, was manufactured in a form that looked rather like glass.

Even policemen sometimes imagine that the faces of dishonest people are especially narrow between the eyes. Photographs of swindlers and

other criminals show no evidence for this belief.

Thousands of the weather-wise declare that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, yet the Empire State Building, in New York, is struck regularly during every severe storm which passes over it.

The theory that anyone who fell from the top of this great skyscraper, or fell out of an

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS?

THE first time George Gershwin ever played the piano on the stage he was laughed out of the theatre. When Zane Grey, the famous Western author, was still an unknown trying to sell his book manuscripts, a publisher told him he had no talent for writing fiction.

Both these men had sufficient confidence in themselves and their potential abilities not to be talked out of them. They knew their own minds. They knew what they wanted to do and they went ahead, bungling at first, but always getting better and better till in the end they succeeded triumphantly.

Looking back, it is amazing to reflect that Gracie Fields was once a mill girl. Because she knew what she wanted, she never allowed a day to slide away without adding some slight step to success.

Edgar Wallace was once a newspaper boy. He discovered his ambition when, as a soldier, he wrote a bundle of poems. Nothing came of them, but he never ceased trying. As a man of forty he was practically penniless and almost unknown—yet still he persisted in the course his own mind had chosen.

These two cases are typical of thousands, and tens of thousands, in the ranks of the world's famous and successful people.

What price this success? What is the toll to be levied

before a man can struggle out of the rut, in any field, and climb to the very top of the tree?

The answer is—nothing at all, if you make up your mind. That is the blunt but amazing truth.

Hard work must come to everyone in this world, whether they toil for success or just for failure. Above that, success is just a matter of making up one's mind, of knowing what you want to do and attempting to do it, of refusing to be beaten until you've had your own way.

Tommy Handley used to work in a corn merchant's office, and got some of his first laughs as an amateur comedian with the R.N.A.S. in the last war.

Sir Oliver Lodge worked in the Potteries and acquired the foundation of his scientific skill and knowledge by attending night classes after his day's routine toil had finished.

Billy Butlin, owner of peacetime holiday camps and amusement parks, made up his mind during the last war—and began activities just after the armistice with a tiny ring-throwing booth.

The big surprise is that many people read of such instances every day, and still stay put. The achievements of others seem to find no echo in themselves. Perhaps it is because we profit only from the lessons we teach

ourselves. Or that other people's experiences do not matter until we suddenly see in them the revelation that has been there all the time, waiting to be looked at.

Making up your mind, deciding what you want to do, and then trying to do it—this is the cardinal recipe in cooking success from failure.

I'm not asking you to take just my word for it. Thousands of self-made people say the same—and they have learned by hard experience.

Listen-in, for instance, to Frank Swinnerton, the eminent novelist.

"Success," he says, "is to be obtained by any man who will go for what he wants and work for it as hard as he knows how to work. Most people do not know what they want, or they want too many things, or they want the wrong things."

Knowing what you want, however remote the goal may be, ought to be easy. The trouble is that thousands of people, unaware of the necessity of making up their minds, never succeed in focussing and concentrating their attentions and energy.

They regard success as a magic quality which may fall on them without any effort on their part, like manna from heaven.

Or, at best, they've had a vague idea and they've allowed it to slide.

Who can tell how many ideas of fruitful use to man may have gone lost and undeveloped merely because the men who struck upon them had not the courage and spirit to fight for their brain-children?

To my mind, failure is often the mere regret of a man who

(There are opportunities here, says Ralph Bower)

trace of radium. Analytical chemists think it suitable for the treatment of rheumatic complaints.

Brine has been used in a small way for the treatment of rheumatism with some success, and if Ramsay develops the spa idea it will enjoy an all-the-year-round season instead of only a summer one.

Already, in many parts of the country, big business interests have taken note of the position that will confront holiday-makers when the war has been won. At the moment little can be done on the surface, but plans of every kind are under way for new types of hotels, holiday camps, coastal trips.

It has been said that we may see special coastal

aeroplane, would be dead before he hit the ground, has no foundation in fact.

Many R.A.F. men have fallen a mile or more without opening their parachutes, then opened them and landed safely. In the interval they remained perfectly conscious and unharmed.

A cold key applied to the back doesn't stop bleeding at the nose, though it appears effective if the bleeding stops itself in a few minutes!

You can apply a practical test of whether you're easily deluded. Do you imagine that rheumatic pains can forecast a damp spell ahead? No?

Then you're wrong again, for changes in atmospheric pressure have a real effect on rheumatic joints. So now you see!

To-day Dr.
William Laing,
the noted
Psychologist,
says "Make
Up Your Mind"

has never tried very hard, who never intends to try; who has never discovered that there are no limits to what a man can do once he is determined.

"How can I make up my mind?" you may ask. It's a question you alone can answer.

Obviously, there are some things—health, wealth and happiness—that we all want. It's essential, of course, to decide not on vague generalities, but on particulars.

Many people want money, but you'll have to begin to make up your mind about ways and means. Thus, Arthur Elvin came back from the last war determined to make money by having shops of his own. He got a job at a cigar kiosk at Wembley Exhibition, but in his spare time he wandered round the grounds, noting the best pitches. He took his first shops on the smallest capital. In the end he became head of a £250,000 company.

Once you've made up your mind, it's up to you to remain steadfast; never to be discouraged, lest success should be just around the corner; never to forget the purpose you have set yourself.

But make up your mind first. Then shape your life and your opportunities for fulfilment of your master plan.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But True

In order that his name should be remembered, Herostratus burnt down the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

The French dwarf, Richebourg, only 60 centimetres high, aided the Royalists during the French Revolution by carrying important dispatches to the emigres outside Paris. He was dressed as a baby in arms, and the papers were concealed in his clothes. He lived to the age of 92.

A Boston printer and newsgent named Ingram, noticing the extraordinary appeal made by a few crude pictures in a newspaper of a current murder, decided to bring out a weekly pictorial paper, and in 1842 the "Illustrated London News" appeared, the first of its kind in England.

The Roman Catholic Church issues a list of books, called Index Expurgatorius, which may not be read by the faithful, or may be read only in part. Pope Paul IV published the first index of banned books in 1557.

The oak-apple is a vegetable growth resulting from egg deposits left by insects. Known as gall, it yields an acid used in dyeing and tanning.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

A MALAY AMOK!

PART XII

"THE Ambassador's daughter was in it, of course. Didn't I tell you it was her got him into trouble? She'd died in Washington, and when they'd embalmed her they were shipping her home to be buried with all the usual rites. I misremember now which of them countries she hailed from."

"That must have given old Chips a proper turn," observed the grocer, when he had considered the situation for a couple of minutes. "I'd have been up the ladder like two men and a boy if I'd been down that hatch with him."

"Chips didn't loiter himself, be all accounts," said Hairy Butler. "He let one screech out him and leped up that fast he sent the candle rollin' down between the cargo so far a double gang of dockers wouldn't get it in a day. He was that hasty gettin' up the ladder he missed the rungs, and came down wid such a run he was knocked stone cold unconscious."

"Lucky he didn't break his neck, fallin' in the dark like that," commented Pybus, whose palm and needle had lain idle for some time.

"When he came round, he tried to get out, of course, but even that he couldn't do. Ye can get rale dirty weather off Hatteras betimes, and it had come on to blow harder while the ould malefactor was below. Boats and rails was bein' carried away be the Niagaras she was ship-pin', and when the watch found the tarpaulins Chips had left adrift, they thought 'twas the seas had done it."

"They battened the hatch down again, I suppose," hazarded the grocer. "Battened it down that fast a pile-driver wouldn't shift it. Lifelines was rigged along her decks, and for three days she lay hove to, takin' green wather like a half-tide rock, wid no man outside a minute longer than he had to. Small wonder they never heard the howls of the poor fella shut below in the black hold."

"Didn't the crowd miss him, then?"

"Of course they missed him, Queer Fella, and thought he'd been swept overboard, like many another good man, before and since. I believe the Old Man enthered it up in the log that way. When the gale blew itself out at last, they opened up the hatch to see what salt wather had got below, and there was ould Chips lyin' there in a faint. The fella told me he looked more of a corpse than the deceased herself."

"I bet he copped it, Hairy, being found broaching like that," said the grocer, with rather morbid curiosity.

"'Twasn't so much the broaching as the danger of international crises that embittered their souls. He was tuk ashore in Irons, and given twenty years in the State housegown, and solitary at that. The one bit of luck he did get was the revolution, which broke out after he'd been scratchin' himself for thirteen months in a cell no bigger than a thrawler's chain locker."

"Owing to the grand beard he'd grown, he was mistook for some ould pathriot of a Liberal professor, who'd been gaoled in the same place years before. They upholstered him in a boiled shirt, wid a stovepipe hat to match, and dhragged him round the town for hours in a triumphal carriage. Sorra word they got outa him the whole time, though he was tuk to a great banquet, wid dhrinks and speeches galore. The same night he stowed away in a German mail-boat and fled the country. And if you was to ax me," Hairy said confidentially, "the Ambassador's daughter is one of the things that's turned Chips a bit concentric."

For the next few minutes the pair stitched rhythmically in silence. Round and round circled the needles, eight

stitches to the inch, following the sun. A good deal of time had been wasted, and the eyes of Malachi Grinnion were as sharp as his tongue. Pybus pondered, as he sewed, on the mystery of "home-ward bound" stitches, which are only countenanced when fastening up a dead man for burial. On such occasions, Hairy Butler had assured him, the last stitch was always taken through the corpse's ear, to give him a last chance to sing out.

"What's aetin' them black Beldamites in the stokehold, I wonder," demanded the Irishman, as a sudden hullabaloo swelled up through the fiddley.

Sweltering in the ruddy gloom deep below the waterline, the coolies were cheering and beating a metallic tattoo with their iron shovels. "La-la-la-la-la-LA-AAH," they chanted, uniting on the last syllable in a mighty, prolonged yell. The din rolled and echoed all over the ship, effectively shattering the hush ordained by Captain Hughes.

"What's that Portuguese parliament below there?" snarled the Old Man, glaring down from the top of his ladder. His face was puffy with sleep, and the hastily-donned Turkish slippers were on the wrong feet. "Butler, fetch the serang."

"What for this goddam bobby?" he ground out between his teeth when Mohammed Ali appeared before him, blinking in the strong sunlight.

"Ship go Calcutta, Burra Sahib," explained the serang, salaaming respectfully. "Indian men all the same very glad."

"The ship's bound for Lourenço Marques and the Cape," said the Captain shortly. "You won't see India for another year—malum! Tell your men that, and see they choop their noise when I'm trying to sleep. Nitchee jao."

"This ship go Calcutta, Captain Sahib," persisted the serang, with unexpected obstinacy.

"Do you think I don't know where I'm taking my own bloody ship?" roared the frenzied Captain. "For two pins I'd—"

"Atcha, sahib, I speak them," yielded the serang prudently. Passing Pybus on his way below again, he muttered, "Calcutta, bye-and-bye, you see," with stubborn Asiatic certitude.

"I wouldn't wonder if he's right, either," was Hairy Butler's sotto voce comment. "These Eastern fellas has more Black Magic in their little finger than all the Freemasons in Belfast."

Halfway through dinner that evening Captain Hughes was handed a wireless communication from his owners.

JANE



The Sea-green Grocer

By Jaspar Power

Decoded, it instructed him to proceed at once to Calcutta.

Away over on the port side the sun hung low above the dark hills of Ceylon as Reginald Pybus clambered up the foremast and squeezed into the crow's-nest beside the Professor. Like most other tramp steamers, the "Herod Antipas" rarely set look-outs by daylight, but on this occasion a navigation warning from Colombo had kept a man aloft since dawn, watching for a capsized and water-logged derelict.

"Hallo, Queer Fella! What brings you heavenward out of due season?" queried Hogs-bottle, for the time when the grocer should relieve him was still distant.

"Old Dick and the bo'sun are arguing the fat in the foc'sle," explained Pybus, "something about the 'Bot-anist,' that was lost inshore hereabouts. They was getting proper nasty about it, so I came out on deck. Then Hairy started hammering at his boots, and going on about how they execute Chinese pirates, so I thought I'd come up here. I like being up here," he added, after a short silence. "You can watch everybody as if you wasn't in the ship at all."

"So you've become a Dibden-ist, have you," grinned the Professor, "sitting up aloft, keeping watch on your foreshortened shipmates? A sweet little able-bodied cherub, combining the pleasure of immortality and transcendence, eh?"

"I expect that's what it is," said the grocer doubtfully. "I've brought my pipe up, anyway." He held it out for the Professor's inspection; a blackened old cherrywood with a whipping of twine round the well-bitten mouthpiece. It was fitted with the usual tin cover, in this case the perforated lid of a shaving soap container. "It's a number one hookah, this," boasted Pybus. "I lit it last night after you'd gone down, and one fill lasted an hour and twelve minutes. I pulled my oilskin over my head when I put the match to it, so's they couldn't see the glow on the bridge."

"The coolies are beginning to smell the land," observed the Professor. "Look at them, Queer Fella, squatting round their sea-chests, showing each other their gold-laced hats and little red waistcoats; chattering away like schoolgirls in a hat shop. That's what they used to call Sailors' Pleasure in the old windbags."

"The cassub isn't doing any chattering," pointed out the grocer. "I wonder what he's after, poking about in the scuppers like that?"

"Flying fish, probably," surmised the Professor. "Three or four of them came aboard to-day. Yes, he's just found

one—I can see him banging its head on the bulwark."

"I wish I'd seen it first," said Pybus enviously. "I could just do with a bit of fresh fish for my breakfast. I'm sick of that everlasting salt ling; it lies too heavy on my stomach."

"There are others in the 'Herod Antipas' in need of a change of diet," chuckled the Professor. "The Jinny-cat's got wind of it already; look at the brute, squirming along there by the winch. The man must be an imbecile to leave his fish lying about on the hatch."

Pybus and the Professor hoisted themselves precariously over the edge of the crow's-nest to obtain a better view of the impending theft.

"She's got it," ejaculated the grocer triumphantly. "The Jinnycat's got his old fish."

"Yes," said Hogsbottle, "and the cassub's got the Jinnycat. Now things'll warm up!"

Warned by the sniggering of the Lascars on the fore-hatch, the Malay had glanced up just in time to catch the cat in flagrante delicto. With the lightning precision of a scum-half getting out the ball, the cassub scooped up the luckless animal and in the same movement sent it hurtling far out over the side. The poor beast was still holding the flying fish when it sank with a faint plop into the Bay of Bengal.

"That's a bit thick," expostulated Pybus indignantly. "He hadn't ought to go and do that."

"I'm afraid there'll be trouble over this," muttered his companion seriously. "Look, someone has told Chips about it already."

Brandishing his light sounding rod, the carpenter ran clumsily along the deck. "You ole black son of a bitch, you kill my Jinnycat," he shouted thickly. "Salot, I fix you!"

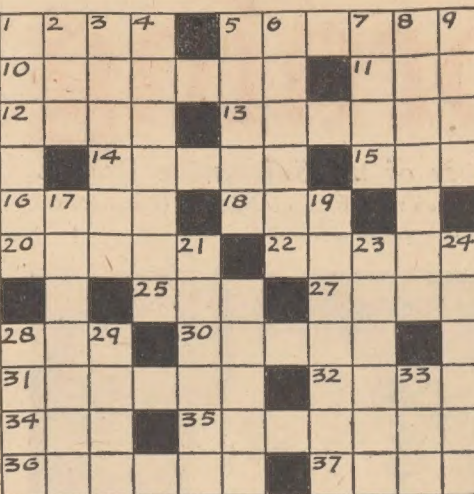
White sailors poured out of their foc'sle in expectation of a fight, and the Lascars climbed up and ranged themselves along the derricks, to watch the proceedings in safety.

"Pig, why you dump my ole cat?" roared the carpenter again, thrusting a threatening face within an inch of the Malay's. The cassub stared back sullenly for a second, then said suddenly, in a loud, deliberate voice: "Bastard, one time I dump you, too."

Down came the sounding rod with a vicious whistle, and the circle of spectators widened out as the two men fell to the deck, clawing and kicking like maniacs. Warned by the noise of the struggle, Captain Hughes ran out of his room, oblivious of the rich shaving lather still clinging to his chin.

"Below there," he shouted sharply. "Stop that, d'you hear? Stop it." Half-a-dozen muscular hands bent over the fighters and dragged them apart.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Chew.
- 5 Sort of goat.
- 10 Liberate.
- 11 Study.
- 12 Pointed tools.
- 13 Fence.
- 14 Total.
- 15 Observed.
- 16 Commanded.
- 18 Catch.
- 20 Cricket deliveries.
- 22 Tag.
- 25 Pinch.
- 27 Tube.
- 28 Vehicle.
- 30 Lawful.
- 31 Perfect place.
- 32 Food list.
- 34 Jerk.
- 35 Not so dim.
- 36 Fears of action.
- 37 Members of family.

VISOR FOCAL
ENID P WORE
IMPEDIMENTA
NAP AGO TIP
TEAMSTERS
BEDS K WATT
U PRIDE A
FOB ONE HEN
FIORD ADORN
ELSIE LIEGE
T SPOUTED R

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rhyming game, 2 Chop, 3 Refer, 4 Occidental, 5 Pale, 6 Of nerves, 7 Variance, 8 Narrates, 9 Again, 17 Flyer, 19 Island of W. Indies, 21 Mineral, 23 Dance, 24 Night animals, 26 Bell changes, 28 Another island of the W. Indies, 29 Garment, 33 Northamptonshire river.

"Come up here, both of you," ordered the Captain sternly. "I'll have none of this nonsense in my ship." The others withdrew in a group, leaving the culprits glaring and panting for breath.

"Come on, my men, jump to it," snapped China Hughes peremptorily. "Don't stand backing and filling all night."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the carpenter, and started aft obediently. His foot was on the bottom step of the ladder when the Malay moved stealthily after him, snatching up as he went the heavy iron bootjack Hairy Butler had abandoned on the hatch.

"Look out!" yelled the onlookers as one man, but the warning came too late. Even as the carpenter turned, the clumsy weapon crashed down on his bare head. With a spring that carried him halfway up the ladder, high above the still-crumpling body of his victim, the cassub vanished beneath the awnings which shrouded the mid-ship deck.

"Poor old Chips. Poor old Chips," Pybus repeated stupidly. "That's plain murder, that is, and—". The rest of the grocer's sentence was lost in the hoarse booming of the siren.

"Boat stations," grunted the Professor, snatching at the bell-rope above his head; the harsh jangle of the alarm added to the pandemonium. "Stand by," clanged the engine-room telegraph, and the mate ran out of the chart-room with the megaphone.

"A—all hands muster on the fo—oredeck," he bel-lowed. Beneath the awnings unseen doors were slamming, and hurrying feet clattered on the iron decks. The mate continued to shout, his words first deafening, then faintly remote, as the mouth of the trumpet swept fore and aft. "A—all hands muster—"

The Professor followed Pybus so closely down the fore-mast ladder that the grocer was sucking his bruised finger-

tips when he gained the deck. The crowd in the welldeck increased every second, those who had witnessed the tragic ending of the fracas being already armed. They had hurriedly emptied the lamp locker of boat axes, marlinespikes, iron shackles, and everything else that might serve as a weapon at a pinch. The grocer thought he saw a revolver in the hand of the taciturn Calvert, but when he looked again it was gone. Several of the men from amidships had interpreted the alarm literally and carried lifebelts. They were all talking in whispers, and staring at the body of the carpenter.

(To be continued)

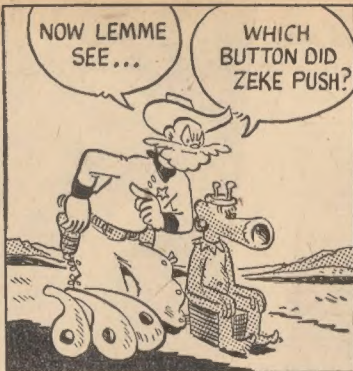
QUIZ for today

1. A goanna is a musical instrument, fish, dance, song, lizard, woman's garment?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: 18, 21, 25, 27, 30, 36, 39?
3. What are the modern names for (a) Gaul, (b) Iberia?
4. How did (a) St. Peter, (b) St. Luke, earn their living?
5. What is the difference between a tarantula and a tarantella?
6. What is the weight of the average Army boot?
7. Who led the first American air raid on Japan?
8. What is Merle Oberon's correct name?
9. What is the diameter of a football?
10. What does the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbour, hold in its two hands?
11. Who discovered antiseptic surgery?
12. What does "to die intestate" mean?

Answers to Quiz in No. 324

1. Geological instrument.
2. Isle of Wight is not a county; others are.
3. Disraeli and Winston Churchill.
4. Byron.
5. G, D, A and E.
6. Mancunian.
7. William IV.
8. (a) R.A.F., (b) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film company.
9. General.
10. (a) An Englishman, (b) a bad marksman.
11. Polo.
12. Horses have no eyebrows.

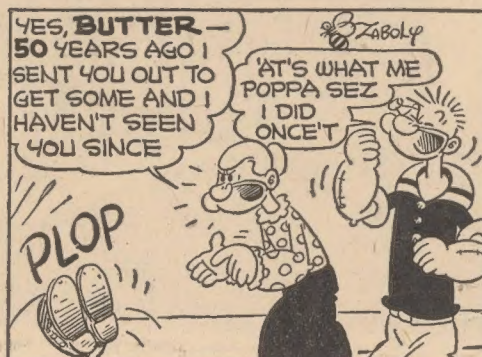
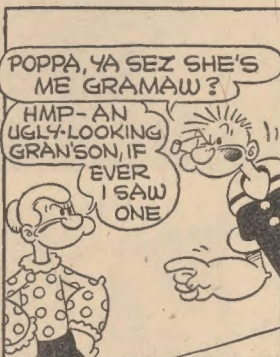
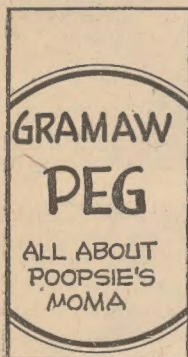
BEELZEBUB JONES



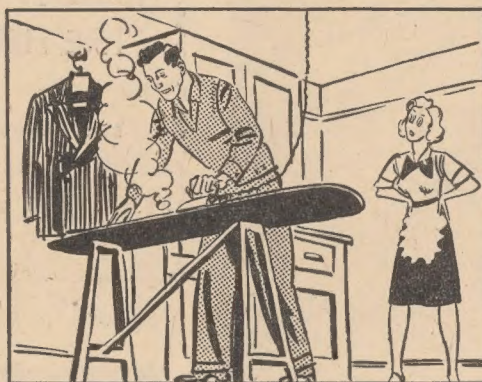
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLÉS



GARTH



JUST JAKE



You'll sing like Caruso

By Anthony Slade

HAVE you ever heard a guitar singing a chorus? Have you ever heard a railway train setting words to its rhythm? Have you ever heard your whiskers cracking?

A few months ago a Hollywood screen writer named Gilbert Wright chanced to open his mouth while shaving—and from away back in his throat came a snippety-snip sound—the noise of his whiskers being cut by the razor.

A shave in a million? Sure! Millions of men are bored by shaving, but it took Gilbert Wright's shave in a million to give him the clue to a new inventor's fortune.

As a result, you yourself can sing with the voice of Bing Crosby—or will be able to, just as soon as peace allows the marketing of the gadget. Or, if you prefer, you can sing like Caruso, with precisely the fine intonation and control of his superb tenor voice. Or you can sound like Paul Robeson—or Deanna Durbin—or Donald Duck.

Or, come to that, the Flying Scot!

It needs no training. You can render a whistling solo that sounds like Kreisler—imagine whistling like his violin! Or you can howl with the voice of an air-raid siren. You can speak in the voice of the Atlantic gales.

The secret is Sonovox, the new mechanical device that sprang from the whispering shave.

Sonovox for the present keeps its technical secrets of how and why, but it can transform any sort of sound, from the boom of Stalingrad's guns to the tramp of marching men, into words in your throat.

All you have to do is put on a record of the sound—you can buy sound-effect records ranging from seagulls to rioting crowds. A lead from the pick-up goes to the Sonovox, a pair of vibrators looking like headphones. You wear them round your throat, loosen up—and through your lips comes the sound.

Although the vibration comes to your throat from the record, you can make it your own. With a certain amount of practice in relaxing the vocal chords, you can translate the sweet tenor of an Italian operatic aria into English words.



Remember the eerie speaking voice of the wind that scared Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers"? It was faked, with (a) an effects record of a yowling wind, (b) the Sonovox, and (c) an actor to speak the words in the Sonovox voice of the gale.

Then there was the Walt Disney locomotive which puffed up a hill with "I think I can! I know I can! Yowl! I did it!" Sonovox again.

This is only a beginning, for Sonovox gives everything a voice.

Deanna Durbins do not grow on every tree, but from now on any small girl with acting ability will be able to rely upon gramophone records of Melba plus Sonovox faking. Or the gadget could turn a submariner into a soprano!

Gilbert Wright is hopeful, too, of the serious side. Sonovox, he says, is going to aid the dumb to speak.

All that they need in many cases are the initial vibrations which their vocal cords cannot supply, and with training they should be able to mould sounds into their own words.

Sonovox is in the can. If you ever heard a guitar singing like a girl crooner, your ears didn't deceive you.

You know the answer!

**Good
Morning**

This England

A glimpse into the past. Mediaeval England as seen in the town of Axbridge, Somerset.



IT'S YOUR EYES, DUCKY . . . IT'S YOUR EYES

★ BEAUTY AT THE HELM

Charming Columbia star, Susan Hayward, takes over. What a "relief."



OUCH . . . GERROFF MY FOOT, YOU BIG STIFF



THE RETRIEVER

We know it's not a dog, silly, but that cat just takes out darts and lays them on the safety board for the thrower, so what?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, that's one way of picking out winners."

